

talk over a scheme of Miss Mason's for forming Associate Members of the P.N.E.U.

Mrs. Franklin read a letter from Miss Mason setting forth her ideas. Everyone felt eager to do what they could to further any spread of P.N.E.U. thought, either as we do at present in our teaching and living, or in any further way that Miss Mason shall ask us to do. We are all disciples of a great Teacher, and can never forget the higher privileges of comprehension and assimilation that our two years' training gives us. The opportunities and responsibilities that our work gives us are enormous, and yet very inadequate as missionary effort, when we reflect how great a thing this is of which we are a part.

Members present: Misses Allen, Kitching, Parish, and Pennethorne.

The meeting announced for January 30th was cancelled, that of the 16th being held in its stead.

FEBRUARY 26TH.—This was the first meeting held in the Turner Water Colour Room. It was not felt to be a very satisfactory meeting place—the officials look askance at a party who are so very obviously not there for the purpose of studying the pictures. It was suggested that the York Tea Rooms, in Baker Street, close to the Portman Rooms, would be a good place, and meetings will be held there in the autumn. In the summer they are to be held in the different country places round London, and students at Dorking, Leatherhead, Redhill, Harrow, Blackheath, &c., who are willing to have meetings in their neighbourhood, are asked to communicate with the Secretary.

Members present: Misses Allen, Heath, Parish, Flower, Thomassett, Mrs. Pickford, Misses Edwards, Wilson, and Lawrence.

The meeting fixed for April 30th will be held at the York Tea Rooms, Baker Street, at 3-30. Every student who can possibly be present is urged to come, as an important question has arisen which must be dealt with immediately.

## THE READING SOCIETY.

The Editor thanks those who have sent in the names of books for reading and extracts from those already read—but more contributors are hoped for in future.

### "Gods and Fighting Men."

Translated from the Erse by Lady Gregory. These are old folk tales—the fairy stories of the fairies. "The Ever-living Living Ones," and the "Story of the Quicken Tree," haunt the memory. The quotation is from Ossian's lament when he comes back to find the golden age over.

"There is no one in all the world the way I am. It is a pity the way I am. It is long the clouds are over me to-night . . . every day that comes is long to me."

### "Where there is Nothing," Yeats.

A play for an Irish theatre, a drama of temperament, not of action; the study of a man of the governing class who preaches "we must destroy everything that has law and number, for where there is nothing there is God." There are some fine passages in it as the following:—

"Did you ever think that the roads are the only things that are endless? That one can walk on and on and never be stopped by a wall. They are the serpents of eternity. I wonder they have never been worshipped. What are the stars beside them? They never meet one another. They are endless."

### "A Naturilist on the Thames," C. J. Cornish.

Birds, beasts, and fishes—principally birds. Most interesting, as showing their distribution down the Thames Valley from the Cotswolds to Chiswick.

### "Twelve Types," G. K. Chesterton.

Short studies of great men—all paradox and epigram. What Lord Roseberry would call a good "bad book," for it gives to think without being exhausting. It treats in a masterly way that rather difficult personality, Charles II.



## Extracts.

## "The Real Siberia," John T. Foster.

"After each interview I had with Ministers of the Czar my mind reverted to a lady I saw on the frontier, when at Wirballen I entered Russia from Germany. I recognised her as a fellow-country woman: tall, angular, wearing spectacles, a woman of uncertain age. There was only one thing on earth she could be—a governess. Governess was writ large all over her. . . . At St. Petersburg I met officials. Everyone spoke English. It was not mere courtesy that led them to speak appreciatively of things English. More than once I remarked, 'It seems strange that you, a Russian, should take such an interest in English life and methods.' The answer was invariably the same: 'I daresay it does; but you must remember that my nursery governess was an English woman.' And in my heart I have apologised to the lady I saw at Wirballen."

"Siberia, however, is to be no longer the dumping ground for criminals. Siberia, indeed, intends to become respectable this century. It is crying out in protest, as Australia cried out to England years ago. The Czar and his Imperial Council have the matter in consideration, and before my hair grows grey the terrors of Siberia will be topics limited only to the pages of novels."

"Irkutsk is a white and green town; most of the buildings are white washed, with sheet iron roofs painted green. The effect is one of cleanness and coolness. The weather during my stay of nearly a week was exquisite (September). All day long the sky was of Italian blueness. There was not a cloud anywhere. The middle of the day was torrid, and to walk along the sunny side of the street was to do so blinkingly. The nights were nipped with frost. In warmest weather the earth, six feet beneath the surface, is frozen. . . . There is not a single case of consumption among the sixty-five thousand inhabitants."

One of the most interesting of modern books of travel. It leaves one aghast to realize how we have misconceived the granary of Russia. The account of the gigantic boat that ploughs the ice across Lake Baikal, the only British product besides sauces that the Author met with, is most interesting. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs. A Siberian prison seems a much more comfortable place than an English workhouse.

## "History of Civilization," Henry T. Buckle.

"As long as every man is engaged in collecting materials for his own subsistence, there will be neither leisure nor taste for higher pursuits; no science can possibly be created, and the utmost that can be effected will be an attempt to economise labour by the

contrivance of such rude and imperfect instruments as even the most barbarous people are able to invent."

"Of all the great social improvements the accumulation of wealth must be the first, because without it there can be neither taste nor leisure for that acquisition of knowledge on which the progress of civilization depends. . . . Looking at the history of wealth in its earliest stage, it will be found to depend entirely on soil and climate, the soil regulating the returns made to any given amount of labour; the climate regulating the energy and constancy of the labour itself. . . ."

"The superiority of Protestantism over Catholicism consists in its diminution of superstition and intolerance, and in the check that it gives to ecclesiastical power. But the experience of Europe teaches us that, when the superior religion is fixed among an inferior people, its superiority is no longer seen. The Scotch and the Swedes are less civilized than the French, and are therefore more superstitious. This being the case it avails them little that they have a religion better than the French."

An exceedingly thoughtful book, to be read slowly, but an excellent exercise in logical thought, and observation of cause from effect. The first two chapters on History and Geography should be of great help to all teachers.

There is a lot of stiff reading in the book, but every page is worth assimilating, and none of it is "small."

## Some Indian proverbs, translated from the Hitopadesa by Sir Edwin Arnold.

"Nay! but faint not, idly sighing, 'Destiny is mightiest!'  
Sesamum holds oil in plenty, but it yieldeth none unpressed."

"Drops of water falling, falling, falling, brim the chatty ewer;  
Wisdom comes in little lessons—little gains make largest store."

"Passion will be slave or mistress; follow her, she brings to woe;  
Lead her! 'tis the way to Fortune: choose the path that thou wilt go."

## From "Methods and Results," Thomas Huxley.

"Every society, great or small, resembles a complex molecule, in which the atoms are represented by men possessed of all those multifarious attractions and repulsions which are manifested in their desires and volitions, the unlimited power of satisfying which we call freedom. The social molecule exists in virtue of the renunciation of more or less of this freedom by every individual. It is decomposed when the attraction of desire leads to the resumption of that freedom, the suppression of which is essential to the existence of the social molecule."



From "The Cossacks," by Tolstoi.

"And suddenly it seemed as though a new world were revealed to him. 'This is what happiness is,' he said to himself. 'Happiness consists in living for others.' This also is clear. Man is endowed with a craving for happiness, therefore it must be legitimate. If he satisfies it egotistically—that is, if he bends his energies toward acquiring wealth, fame, physical comforts, love—it may happen that circumstances will make it impossible to satisfy this craving. In fact, these cravings are illegitimate, but the craving for happiness is not illegitimate. What cravings can always be satisfied independently of external conditions? Love, self-denial."

"I have thought over many things and have experienced many changes in these later days, and I find that I have arrived at what is printed in the A.B.C. book. In order to be happy, only one thing is essential—to love, and to love with self-sacrificing love, to love all men and all things, to stretch in all directions the spider-web of love, to attach it to whomever you meet."

---

A few recommended Books.

- "Robert Browning," G. K. Chesterton.
- "Continental Rulers in the Century," Percy M. Thornton.
- "Life of Napoleon I.," John Holland Rose.
- "Story of my Life," Helen Keller.
- "The Life Work of John Frederick Watts, R.A.," Hugh Macmillan.
- "Educational Conquest of the Far East," Robert S. Lewis.
- "Within the Pale (Russian)," Michael Davitt.

## EDITORIAL.

The next number should be out by the end of June, therefore the Editor will be much obliged if all contributions reach her *by June 15th*; this will allow of some account of the Edinburgh Conference being included. The following letter has been kindly forwarded to us by Miss Mason, who felt it was of general interest—it would be very nice if all our foreign travellers would write us similar accounts of their doings. No formal "Students' Meetings" are arranged in the summer, but we hope to arrange for some joint picnics in the course of the summer term.

---

ROME,

MARCH 13TH, 1904.

DEAR MISS MASON,

I know you will like to hear what we have been doing in Rome, but we have seen such a great deal that the difficulty is to know where to begin.

We have been in Rome exactly two months, and have been to see something every morning, and nearly every afternoon. Of all the things we have seen so far, I like the Vatican Galleries the best, especially the sculpture.

To begin with, the rooms themselves are so perfectly magnificent, then there are thousands of beautiful statues all almost equally lovely.

The busts and life-size statues of the Emperors are especially interesting, and some of the more popular Emperors one sees over and over again, so that they have become quite friends of ours, such as Augustus, Trojan, Hadrian, Vespasian, Marcus Aurelius, and Antonius Pious. There are also a good many of Tiberius, but he has quite a refined face, and does not at all look the bad man one expects.